

Good Morning 640

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Secret Designs for C.P.O. Albert Watcham

WHEN "Good Morning" called at your home at 12, Hotblack-road, Norwich, Chief Petty Officer Albert Watcham, your wife had not returned from shopping and David was at school.

The half-hour wait really fitted in splendidly because a car tyre had gone flat, and by the time a wheel had been changed the family had returned. So everything turned out for the best, and it was a nice quiet place to do car repairs.

Irene (we mean your wife) of course is well and looks it, and David is full of beans and mischief, just as boys in good health usually are. By the way, he is a bright boy and does not suffer from shyness. He soon took charge of the situation when a photograph was suggested!

Little Jennifer is getting on fine. We left her very busy with pencil and paper. The designs must be secret—nobody but herself knew what her drawings represented. Possibly they will be sent to you for decoding.

These two often have what David calls friendly fights, so he evidently plays "soft." Anyway, Jennifer loves a romp, so you will gather she is feeling fit.

Your wife says the war news is good but what she wants is more news from you. She sends her love and hopes you get her letters.

The Jeffries occasionally come in for a chat and always ask after you. The local is still there and no doubt you would be pleased to see it, just as they would be pleased to see you.

Welcome Return of "Undine" Survivor

WHEN the submarine "Undine" was sunk in January, 1940, Chief Petty Officer Telegraphist S. A. J. Jordan was saved by the Davis escape apparatus. He was rescued by the Germans, but has now been repatriated after spending five years as a prisoner of war.

Our picture was taken at his home at 87, Baffins-road, Copnor, Portsmouth, where his wife and mother were waiting to welcome him on his return.

C.P.O. Jordan has not yet been allowed to talk about his experiences, but we guess that he has a pretty thrilling story to tell. His repatriation is unique, for his is the only case of a single exchange of prisoners during the war. He was released in exchange for a U-boat sailor, Kurt Adlich, who was interned in a sanatorium in Portugal.

He and Lieut.-Col. Bonham Carter, an Army officer, were the only two members of the Services among the 300 British civilians brought home in



the Swedish steamer Drottningholm, which reached the Mersey on March 23. He travelled through Denmark by train and crossed to Sweden for embarkation.

After his rescue in 1940, C.P.O. Jordan was taken by the Germans to a prisoner of war camp at Cassel. Later he was sent to Poland and then transferred to a camp near Bremen, with other naval and merchant seamen. There, he and four others

practically ran the affairs of the camp, and organised dances and entertainments—sometimes fancy dress dances when parcels arrived from the Red Cross.

C.P.O. Jordan is 42 years of age, and has spent nearly 23 years in the Service—about 16 in submarines. He is an old Greenwich School boy, and is well-known at the Submarine Depot at Portsmouth, where he used to play the clarinet in the band.

One of the souvenirs he has brought home is a German trombone, which he learned to play while a prisoner, brightening many dull hours of his captivity.

The arrival of the Red Cross parcels marked red-letter days for the prisoners at the camp. Without them, C.P.O. Jordan says, life would have been well-nigh impossible.

Congratulations and good luck, sir, from "Good Morning."

STUART MARTIN writes on American Crime

DANNY THE GUNMAN

NIGHT fell mild and soothing on Colorado Springs at the beginning of September, 1928. I had stood and watched the sun sink behind Pike's Peak, had looked out of the window of the Antler Hotel until it became dark; and then I went to bed.

Just after midnight I awoke and listened. The barking of a gun in the street below could not have been mistaken. Two guns were barking. I hauled on a pair of slacks, an overcoat, a hat, my Press passes—and down I went in the elevator and out.

A patrolman (cop) was lying on the opposite pavement, firing away. Other patrolmen came. Hotel windows were thrown up and heads popped out. A jeweller's shop window was riddled with bullets. Shots were coming out of the dark interior.

The patrolman (I forget his name, but it was something like Halkenhorn) yelled to me to stand clear. A district call had been made. There were burglars inside the jeweller's shop.

Five minutes later, Chief Harper arrived with more men, and Halkenhorn told his story. He had rounded the corner of Colorado Avenue and ran into two men, who started firing at him. The cop threw himself flat and fired back. When the two ran off the cop had started to chase, but had tripped over some wires on the sidewalk.

Chief Harper went to the wires, lifted two loose ends, touched them together—and from somewhere a buzzer sounded faintly.

"Scientific guys," he exclaimed. "That buzzer is inside the jeweller's. The two men outside were planted to give the warning."

As he spoke, one or two shots came from the interior of the shop. Everybody ducked.

But Chief Harper knew his job. He had men mount the roof of a cafe next the jeweller's. He posted others on either side. Every man had a gun. Then the Chief roared at the blackness of the shop.

"Come on out, you! You're covered!"

A moment's silence; then: "Come on in and get me, if you can!"

The Chief considered a moment.

"There's been enough shooting. Folks in this town must get their sleep. Look at them at their windows!"

He ordered a phone call to Denver for chlorine bombs to be sent by plane; if that was not possible, then by car. He planted more men at posts, sent out calls for a search for the two burglars who had run off. Ten minutes later he was told these two had commandeered a car and beat it for the mountains. They were never caught.

But the shooting into the jeweller's shop continued. And the shooting from the shop answered.

"Who is this hornet in there?" demanded the Chief. Nobody could tell, but from the depths came a smooth voice now and then geying the cops, taunting them, telling them to learn shooting. The smashing of glass came between the volleys.

It was a busy time for me, too. I had got on to the "Denver Post" by hugging a telephone line, and was smashing through flashes of the battle. The "Denver Post" people, for whom I was doing some articles, were delighted. I wasn't, for a bullet from that shop came in at one side of the booth and out at the other. I phoned that one, too. They heard it all right; and I was picking glass out of my hair for days afterwards.

It was when I was in the booth that I heard the roar, some time later, of a car coming hell-bent-for-election up the street. It was the Denver car bringing the bombs.

"These will bring him out," chuckled Chief Harper. "Two men on top of the cafe. Two right up against the broken window. When I touch off this buzzer drop them inside."

It was done. The buzzer sounded. Smash went the bombs, filled with chlorine.

From the shop came more shots. Then silence. The Chief waited. The gas began to filter through the cracks.

And then: "Say, you flat-footed slob. I've had enough. I'm coming!"

The voice was husky, coughing.

"Come with your hands high," roared Chief Harper. "And no tricks. We got you covered!"

"I'm coming. And here's proof." Two black German Luger guns sailed through the shop window and fell on the sidewalk.

Silence again for a minute or two. And then a man's form appeared, hands up.

He staggered out, his eyes swimming, coughing, dizzy. He was a medium-sized man, wearing steel-rimmed spec-

pled the Chief grimly. "Canon City penitentiary, I guess. Who were your two sidekicks who ran away?"

Danny Daniels smiled through his spectacles.

"Aw, Chief, have a heart. ... Okay, one was called Red, the other White. Get me?"

The Chief knew that Danny was stalling, would never tell. And then, as they took him away, Danny turned to me and whispered in earnest:

"I got a wife and kid in Idaho. You won't let them know, son? Honest?"

"Not from me," I assured him, and he threw a thankful glance back as he went off.

The hotel people went back to bed, the town settled down, the jeweller came to clear up the mess. Dawn came up over Pike's Peak clear and bright.

I had heard of Danny before, but it was sheer accident that I met him this way. He had what the police call a "bad record." I am pulling out no excuse for him, but I am telling you plain facts when I say that Danny could have been of use to society if a fat-headed judge had not sent him down for a needlessly long term for a hold-up when Danny was in his teens. That savage sentence made Danny an enemy of the law.

I was in court a month or so later when he was facing conviction and sentence on two charges: (1) Breaking through the cafe to get at the jeweller's, (2) breaking into the jeweller's.

I had seen him in prison when he had asked me what I thought he'd get. I guessed about ten years. That made him bite his lip.

He had the straightest eyes I have seen in a gunman. They peered at you from the upper section of his round spectacles, analysing you, and, it seemed to me, seeking an understanding.

"Daniels," said the judge, "it is the verdict of this court that you serve with hard labour from twelve to fourteen years for the first crime—"

Danny's breath was sucked in sharply.

—and that you serve without hard labour from twelve to fourteen years for the second crime. Sheriff, take the prisoner away. He goes to Canon City penitentiary."

Danny swung round towards me, tense.

"The works!" he breathed. "Twenty-eight! I won't do it."

I had a word with him as they bundled him into the wagon bound for Canon City. "I'll come and see you, Danny."

"No," he answered. "Don't come, son. Keep away. Keep away. I don't want you hurt."

Well, Danny didn't serve his sentence. And sometimes I think there is a subtle connection between that fat-headed judge I mentioned and the fact that I did see Danny later; that was when Canon City prison was a roaring furnace and men were shot up and dying all around. But that is another story.



"H'm! You were right, Walter, the lad who hit you is rather a big boy for his age!"

tacles, bareheaded, unshaven. The Chief snapped a pair of handcuffs on his wrists.

"Anybody else inside?" he asked.

"Nope. Just me."

He stood there, blinking, wiping his eyes, breathing deeply. I was face to face with Danny Daniels, gunman.

Don't blame me if I say I liked him at first sight. There was something about Danny that appealed to me. I knew he was no ordinary gangster; but I knew he was a brave man.

The Chief and his men went into the shop and came out with grave faces. They had found a tent, so that the light of the safe-boring acetylene apparatus would not show. They found plenty of ammunition. They found the buzzer and the wires. The back of the safe was half-ripped off. Inside the safe, intact, were gems worth about £4,000.

"Pretty smart guy, you are," said the Chief. "What's your name, and how did you come to this?"

"Danny Daniels," said the manacled man gently. "That's me. I belong to Oklahoma. I'm out on Federal bond for 5,000 dollars for a job elsewhere. Also a state bond for a hold-up in the Middle East. Also another bond for something like that in Chicago. You can check it up."

"Why come to Colorado Springs?"

"On my way to Wyoming for a rest, Chief."

"Not Wyoming, Danny," re-

"GOOD MORNING" POOLS

Mark this coupon

- ☐ A for Awful
☐ H " Hits the Spot
☒ X " a Draw

"Good Morning"

When completed, cut out and send to:

"Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

Sold his Honour for Poker Chips

"I echoed Goree. 'You're from me?' Then he looked at me harshly. 'I reckon you're mistaken about that. I reckon you are mistaken about that. I sold out to you, as you yourself expressed it, 'lock, stock and barrel.' There isn't even a ramrod left to sell."

"You've got it; and we want it. 'Take the money,' says Missis Garvey, 'and buy it fair and square.'"

Goree shook his head. "The cupboard's bare," he said.

"We've riz," pursued the mountaineer, undetected from his object, "a heap. We was pore as possums, and now we could hev folks to dinner every day. We been recognised, Missis Garvey says, by the best society. But there's somethin' we need we ain't got. She says it ought to been put in the 'ventory ov the sale, but it tain't thar. 'Take the money, then,' says she, 'and buy it fair and square.'"

"Out with it," said Goree, his racked nerves growing impatient.

Garvey threw his slouch hat

upon the table and leaned forward, fixing his unblinking eyes upon Goree's.

"There's a old feud," he said distinctly and slowly, "tween you 'uns and the Coltranes."

Goree frowned ominously. To speak of his feud to a feudist is a serious breach of the mountain etiquette. The man from "back yan" knew it as well as the lawyer did.

"Na offence," he went on, "but purely in the way of business. Missis Garvey hev studied all about feuds. Most of the quality folks in the mountains hev 'em. The Settles and the Goforths, the Rankins and the Boyds, the Silers and the Galloways, hev all been cyarin' on feuds f'om twenty to a hundred year. The last man to drap was when yo' uncle, Judge Paisley Goree, 'journed co't and shot Len Coltrane f'om the

bench. Missis Garvey and me, we come f'om the po' white trash. Nobody wouldn't pick a feud with we 'uns, no mo'n with a family of tree-toads. Quality people everywhar, says Missis Garvey, has feuds. We 'uns ain't quality, but we're buyin' into it as fur as we can. 'Take the money, then,' says Missis Garvey, 'and buy Mr. Goree's feud, fair and square.'"

The squirrel hunter straightened a leg half across the room, drew a roll of bills from his pocket, and threw them on the table.

"Thar's two hundred dollars, Mr. Goree; what you would call a fair price for a feud that's been 'lowed to run down like yourn hev. Thar's only you left to oyar on yo' side of it, and you'd make mighty po' killin'. I'll take it off yo' hands, and it'll set me and Missis Garvey up among the quality. Thar's the money."

The little roll of currency on the table slowly untwisted itself, writhing and jumping as its folds relaxed. In the silence that followed Garvey's last speech the rattling of the poker chips in the court-house could be plainly heard. Goree knew that the sheriff had just won a pot, for the subdued whoop with which he always greeted a victory floated across the square upon the crinkly heat waves. Beads of moisture stood on Goree's brown. Stooping, he drew the wicker-covered demijohn from under the table, and filled a tumbler from it.

"A little corn liquor, Mr.

Garvey? Of course, you are joking about—that you spoke of? Opens quite a new market, doesn't it? Feuds, prime, two-fifty to three. Feuds, slightly damaged—two hundred, I believe you said, Mr. Garvey?"

Goree laughed self-consciously.

The mountaineer took the glass, Goree handed him, and drank the whisky without a tremor of the lids of his staring eyes. The lawyer applauded the feat by a look of envious admiration. He poured his own drink, and took it like a drunkard, by gulps and with shudders at the smell and taste.

"Two hundred," repeated Garvey. "Thar's the money." A sudden passion flared up in Goree's brain. He struck the table with his fist. One of the bills flipped over and touched his hand. He flinched as if something had stung him.

"Do you come to me," he shouted, "seriously with such a ridiculous, insulting, darned-fool proposition?"

"It's fair and square," said the squirrel hunter, but he reached out his hand as if to take back the money; and then Goree knew that his own flurry of rage had not been from pride or resentment, but from anger at himself, knowing that he would set foot in the deeper depths that were being opened to him. He turned in an instant from an outraged gentleman to an anxious chafferer recommending his goods.

Continuing

"BLACKJACK BARGAINER"

By O. HENRY

"Don't be in a hurry, Garvey," he said, his face crimson and his speech thick. "I accept your p-p-proposition, though it's dirt cheap at two hundred. A t-trade's all right when both p-purchaser and b-buyer are s-satisfied. Shall I w-wrap it up for you, Mr. Garvey?"

Garvey rose, and shook out his broadcloth. "Missis Garvey will be pleased. You air out of it, and it stands Coltrane and Garvey. Just a scrap ov writin', Mr. Goree, you bein' a lawyer, to show we traded."

Goree seized a sheet of paper and a pen. The money was clutched in his moist hand. Everything else suddenly

seemed to grow trivial and light.

"Bill of sale, by all means. 'Right, title, and interest in and to'... 'for ever warrant and—' No, Garvey, we'll have to leave out that 'defend,'" said Goree, with a loud laugh. "You'll have to defend this title yourself."

The mountaineer received the amazing screed that the lawyer handed him, folded it with immense labour, and placed it carefully in his pocket.

Goree was standing near the window. "Step here," he said, raising his finger, "and I'll show you your recently purchased enemy. There he goes, down the other side of the street."

The mountaineer crooked his long frame to look through the window in the direction indicated by the other. Colonel Abner Coltrane, an erect, portly gentleman of about fifty, wearing the inevitable long, double-breasted frock coat of the Southern lawmaker, and an old high silk hat, was passing on the opposite sidewalk. As Garvey looked, Goree glanced at his face.

If there be such a thing as a yellow wolf, here was its counterpart. Garvey snarled as his unhuman eyes followed the moving figure, disclosing long, amber-coloured fangs.

"Is that him? Why, that's the man who sent me to the pen'tentiary once!"

"He used to be district attorney," said Goree carelessly. "And, by the way, he's a first-class shot."

"I kin hit a squirrel's eye at a hundred yard," said (Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. Varnish is a kind of varnish, seaweed, drug, cloth, drink?
2. Who was the last Sovereign Prince of Wales, and when did he die?
3. Who wrote the books about Tarzan?
4. What kind of varnish is made from insects?

5. On what river is the town of Ipswich?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? C, D, M, S, W, P, L, G, V.

Answers to Quiz in No. 639

1. Kind of mongoose.
2. Lesley Charteris.
3. Anne Boleyn and Henry VIII.
4. St. Mary's; Professor Fleming.
5. "Son of."
6. Daily Dispatch, is edited and printed in Manchester; others in London.

I get around

RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



GOING to bed—a real bed in a real bedroom—is still a novel experience for many Southampton children.

Until recently they had never slept in any bed but an air raid shelter bunk. They were the "regulars" who, long after raiding in Southampton stopped, went nightly to shelter under Mount Pleasant School.

The shelter has now been closed, but can be re-opened immediately in an emergency.

Ever since air raids started in 1940, whole families have slept in the spacious Mount Pleasant shelter night after night without a break.

Many people went there more for the social life than the safety the shelter provided. Film shows, religious services, pantomimes, Christmas parties, dances and whist drives all took place in this underground community.

No children were born actually in the shelter, but several were introduced to it only a week or two after birth. Among the shelter "babies" is Ernie Hughes, who, at the age of four years, is now going "up" to bed instead of "down," for the first time.



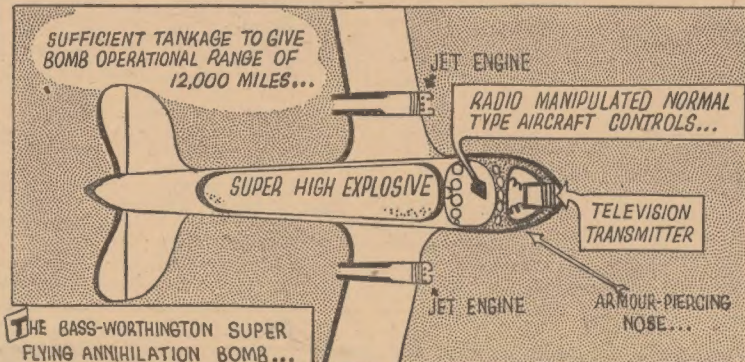
WHY is it that the girls are all complaining they can't get enough art silk stockings, especially "fully-fashioned"? Because British makers of stockings lagged far behind. We had to import them, mainly from America. Now Wales is going to be an important centre of the "nylon" and art silk industry. Two factories will be in full blast in Merthyr before long, turning out silk stocks.

And at Pontypool (Mon.) a million-square-foot factory is to be erected at once for British Nylon Spinners Ltd., where nylon yarn, hitherto made abroad, is to be turned out. Hugh Dalton, Board of Trade President, has just been on a whirlwind tour of Wales, revealing plans for great new factories and trading estates.

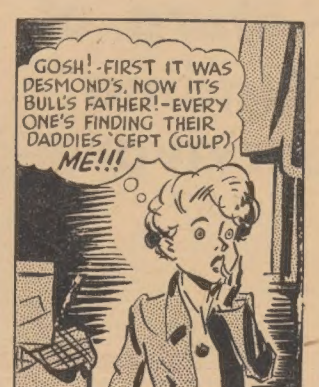
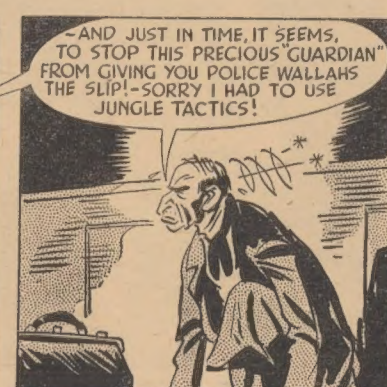


"A CUSTOM loathsome to the eye, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stinking fume thereof nearest resembling the horrible stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless."—James I, "A Counterblaste to Tobacco," 1604.

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 579

- 1. Behead a spring and get a weight.
- 2. In the following proverb both the words, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What is it?—Rousy ccrasht ym oyukab lli dan thrasc.
- 3. What girl's name has ON for its exact middle?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order:—I watched the Guards — past the Palace.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 578

- 1. F-lake.
- 2. Full up inside and out; Fares please.
- 3. EveLine.
- 4. Deal, lead.

JANE

"BLACKJACK BARGAINER"

(Continued from Page 2)

Garvey. "So that thar's Coltrane! I made a better trade than I was thinkin'. I'll take keer of this feud, Mr. Goree, better'n you ever did!"

He moved toward the door, but lingered there, betraying a slight perplexity.

"Anything else to-day?" inquired Goree, with frothy sarcasm. "Any family traditions, ancestral ghosts, or skeletons in the closet? Prices as low as the lowest."

"Thar was another thing," replied the unmoved squirrel hunter, "that Missis Garvey was thinkin' of. 'Tain't so much in my line as t'other, but she wanted partic'lar that I should inquire, and ef you was willin', 'pay fur it,' she says, 'fa'r and squar.' Thar's a buryin' groun', as you know, Mr. Goree, in the yard of yo' old place, under the cedars. Them thar lies thar is yo' folks what was killed by the

Coltranes. The monyments has the names on 'em. Missis Garvey says a fam'ly buryin' groun' is a sho' sign of quality. She says ef we git the feud, thar's somethin' else ought to go with it. The names on them monyments is 'Goree,' but they can be changed to ourn by—"

"Go! Go!" screamed Goree, his face turning purple. He stretched out both hands toward the mountaineer, his fingers hooked and shaking. "Go, you ghoul! Even a Ch-Chinaman protects the g-graves of his ancestors—go!"

The squirrel hunter slouched out of the door to his carry-all. While he was climbing over the wheel, Goree was collecting, with feverish celerity, the money that had fallen from his hand to the floor. As the vehicle slowly turned about, the sheep, with a coat of newly grown wool, was hurrying, in

indecent haste, along the path to the court-house.

At three o'clock, in the morning they brought him back to his office, shorn and unconscious. The sheriff, the sportive deputy, the county clerk, and the gay attorney carried him, the chalk-faced man "from the valley," acting as escort.

"On the table," said one of them, and they deposited him there among the litter of his unprofitable books and papers.

"Yance thinks a lot of a pair of deuces when he's liquored up," sighed the sheriff reflectively.

"Too much," said the gay attorney. "A man has no business to play poker who drinks as much as he does. I wonder how much he dropped to-night."

"Close to two hundred. What I wonder is whar he got it. Yance ain't had a cent fur over a month, I know."

"Struck a client, maybe. Well, let's get home before daylight. He'll be all right when he wakes up, except for a sort of beehive about the cranium."

The gang slipped away through the early morning twilight. The next eye to gaze upon the miserable Goree was the orb of day.

He peered through the uncurtained window, first deluging the sleeper in a flood of faint gold, but soon pouring upon the mottled red of his flesh a searching, white, summer heat.

Goree stirred, half unconsciously, among the table's debris, and turned his face from the window. His movement dislodged a heavy law book, which crashed upon the floor. Opening his eyes, he saw, bending over him, a man in a black frock coat. Looking higher, he discovered a well-worn silk hat, and beneath it the kindly, smooth face of Colonel Abner Coltrane.

A little uncertain of the outcome, the colonel waited for

the other to make some sign of recognition. Not in twenty years had male members of these two families faced each other in peace. Goree's eyelids puckered as he strained his blurred sight toward this visitor, and then he smiled serenely.

"Have you brought Stella and Lucy over to play?" he said calmly.

"Do you know me, Yancey?" asked Coltrane.

"Of course I do. You brought me a whip with a whistle in the end."

So he had—twenty-four years ago; when Yancey's father was his best friend.

READ THE ENDING TO-MORROW

He: "Do you believe in free love, darling?"

She: "Yes but I'd love a mink coat just the same."

Old Bill says the world is neither round nor flat—it's crooked.



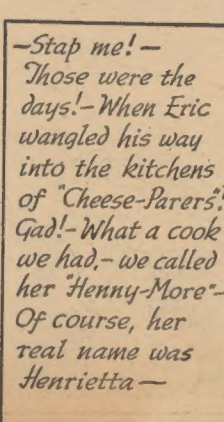
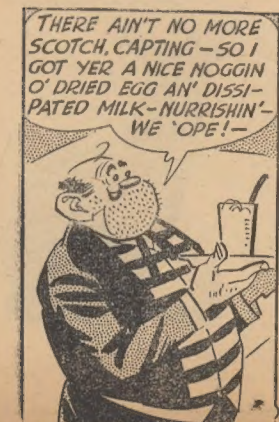
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



CROSS-WORD CORNER

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TOTAL	LATIN	
PIT	NAMED	
STOCKED	DEW	
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CAM	NINTHLY	
FOLDS	RUE	
NADIR	FAMED	
IRENE	EDUCE	
X	LEDGE	SHY

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- CLUES ACROSS.**—1 East Kent Regiment, 6 Steps, 11 Chief, 12 Granted, 13 Seed, 14 Ofal, 15 Bird, 16 Serving food, 18 Branches of learning, 20 Anthracite, 21 Reckoning, 24 Armed guard, 27 Engrave, 30 Sort of bicycle, 32 Eggs, 33 Amusing show, 34 Musical show, 36 Eel, 37 Stair front, 38 Born, 39 Ladder.
- CLUES DOWN.**—2 Top, 3 Fore part, 4 Tree, 5 Duck, 7 Excite, 8 Carp, 9 Level, 10 Durable fabric, 13 Soft rock, 14 Strong beast, 17 Sharp, 19 Bracket candlestick, 22 Instructions, 23 Notch cut, 25 Out of date, 26 Out, 28 Lock of hair, 29 Centre, 31 In addition, 35 Marsh land, 35 Seed.

Good Morning

MAKE DO AND MEND !
 "I think these Ministry of Food recipes are wonderful ! With ever such a little dried egg and powdered milk I soled two pairs of shoes."



The bell-bottomed trousers are attenuated, we admit. Her coat of navy blue is neatly folded on the deck, no doubt. But the way she climbs the rigging is distinctly reminiscent of your father's exploits, my b'hoy. If you know what we mean !



We were always brought up to believe that the proper place to sit, while waiting for them to open, was on the church wall. But these sailors at the village of Stoke Gabriel, deep in the heart of Devon, favour the wall of the Church Inn. Saves valuable time, we suppose.



If it wasn't for the fact that our foot-loose cameraman sent this photograph to prove it, we'd have accused him of seeing things. The gals with the scaly tails haunt the Mergui Isles in the Gulf of Bengal. Anyway, that's his story !



Don't look now, but can you see what we see? Or are we both seeing things? Or is it that alibi-ing camera-man, again?

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"From here, she's distinctly bell-bottomed."

